

Bad Decisions

Professor Green

A wise man once said, to wake up, you've got to go to sleep!

There's no more rules to break
You've made all of your mistakes yeah
You had a choice to make and you made another bad decision
There's no more rules to break
You've made all of your mistakes yeah
No need to calculate, the sum of all your bad decisions

Voices in my head, choices in my bed
I should be rolling out but I'm rolling up instead
Plans out the window somebody's at the door
Patterns on the ceiling bodies on the floor
Socks in the sock drawer drawing my sock
I'm going all out, are we all in or what?
Same old story every bloody weekend
Sunday I'm on a weight, Monday I'm in the deep end
Right who wants what? I want one, you want one and you want one
One plus one plus one is three, we might as well get a Henry
Quick maths!

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Come on mate, it's only 8 start early finish early
Start early finish late I'm already in a state
In a rave over East, the night ain't going west yet
Next thing you know we're in a cab to the West End
Feeling super drinking my juice
Doing bumps getting pranged in the back of the Uber
Nearly hit the box still gotta get our tickets though
Oh wait up, hold up a minute my phone's ringing bro

Alright Steve
Hello mate what's happening
Having a cheeky one are you?
Yeah is Henry about?
He is mate but I'm not around later, sure you don't wanna take a half?
Awww... fuck it

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You know the clues skip the queue
Step in the club, get a table and order a couple bottles of booze
Bottles of patron patron however you pronounce it
Add one or two shots but who's counting
Hopped outside to meet thingy for the thing
Knocked[?] on the door ain't no trouble getting in

Hopped outta the van was on my way back to the gang
With half an ounce in my hand when I bumped into a fan
"Oi you're Professor Green ain't ya?
You are ain't you, you're him!"
What do you want? A picutre?
"Nah I don't want a picture mate, you're nicked!"
Shoved the fed now I'm legging it through SoHo
Tryna hold my jeans up I shouldn't wear 'em so low
Straight across [?] nearly hit a rickshaw
If I get caught I know all too well what I'm in for
Left down Broadwick I'm running out of breath
I already know how I'm getting out of this mess
I ain't going in for nothing even though the cops got me
The packets in the rickshaw I ain't got nothing on me officer